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L E T T E R

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M^R M A S O N.

OCCASIONED BY HIS

Ode to Independency.

From the
—
• *Qui BAVIUM non odit, amet tua Carmina MÆVI;
Atque idem jungat Vulpes, et mulgeat Hircos.*
—



L O N D O N.

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, near
Temple-Bar.



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M^R M A S O N.

S I R!

I May possibly be guilty of an Omission, in not giving you the Title of *Reverend*; should that be the Case, as you have not been pleased to take it upon you, you must thank yourself.

You will be surpris'd no doubt, should you vouchsafe these Papers a Perusal, to be thus accosted by a Person utterly unknown to you. What occasioned it was your late Treatment of a Right Reverend Father of our Church, whose Memory I shall ever highly honour; and upon whom you bestow no better Attribute than that of *Mitred Dulness*. It would be too much to expect gentlemen of your Profession to descend so far among the Sons of humble Prose, otherwise I would recommend it to you to divert yourself with that *unclassical, unspirited* Performance, his *De Rebus sui Tem-*
A 2 *poris*

poris Commentaria. A Passage out of it however, though somewhat long, I must entertain you with; it is the Character of your Hero MARVEL. *Thy favourite Swain! to rival whose patriot Fame, fond Youth! Thy humble Breast must ne'er aspire.*

“ Quid quod et infimul Libri famosi et
 “ maledici magnâ Crebritate in Vulgus evo-
 “ lârun. Hos inter impudicos Calumniatores
 “ maxima Fama fuit spurcus quidam, cui
 “ cognomento *Marvellius*. Hic ut inhonestiùs
 “ ab Adoleſcentia vixerat, ita cum ſingulari
 “ Naturæ Petulantia eſſet, Satyriſtæ Officio in
 “ Factionis uſum perfunctus eſt; non tam
 “ Sale, quam Fæce talis; mediocris niſi in
 “ Malevolentia ingenii. A Patre abdicatus, ab
 “ Academia pulſus, poſthæc Conſcientiam vi-
 “ lioris, quam ante Famam, decoxit. Vagus,
 “ pannofus, et famelicus Poetaſter, Oenopolio
 “ quovis vapulans, fuſte et calce indies Petu-
 “ lantiæ Pœnas tulit; tandem *Miltono* * (cui
 “ propter

* Of whom Mr. MASON thus,

Depreſt by Age, beſet with Wrongs,
 Fallen on evil Days, and evil Tongues.

But another Poet thus,

Like the fallen Angels in their happy State,
 Thou ſhar'dſt their Nature, Insolence and Fate:
 To Harps divine, immortal Hymns they ſung,
 As ſweet thy Voice, as ſweet thy Lyre was ſtrung.
 As they did Rebels to th' Almighty grow,
 So thou prophan'ſt his Image here below.
 Apoſtate Bard! may not thy guilty Ghoſt,
 Discover to it's own eternal Coſt,
 That, as they Heav'n, thou Paradife haſt loſt.

}
 And

“ propter similem Ingenii Malevolentiam ali-
 “ quantum placuit) procurante, fit *Cromwellii*
 “ Secretarius † a subsecretis.

“ Qua dignitate lætus *Carmen Gratulatorium*
 “ in Tyranni Laudes evulgavit; cum vero
 “ Panegyricum longo incubitu excludere labo-
 “ rasset, Satyram in Reges omnes, Jure con-
 “ stitutos, enixus est.

“ *Cromwellium*

And another still succeeds, of greater Fame and equal Honesty,

— — — — Had that other Bard,
 Oh! had but he that first ennobled Song
 With holy Rapture, like his Abdiel been;
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
 Unpitied, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray
 And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd!
 But he — — — —

And yet (not to mention other Honours that have been paid him) we have had a *Cenotaph* of late erected to his Memory among our Kings and Heroes in *Westminster-Abbey*, or, as it should rather *now* be called, I think, the *TEMPLE OF FAME*. Is not this to distinguish too nicely between the Poet and the Regicide, at least the Defender of such? Or does it proceed from some of the old Leaven still remaining among us? Or perhaps you will say none but a phlegmatick dull Wretch, would trouble his Head about the Morals and Politicks of a MILTON.

† His Lordship, in his *Reproof*, had promised my Gentleman, in Case he expounded the Reverse of a certain antique Medal, ten of the largest *Decus et Tutamens*: “ and that (he tells him) “ is a very scarce Medal (you know) though not altogether so “ *antique*.”—This seems to sting him to the Quick, this brings him to Confession, and drags the lurking *Spit-fire*, like *Cacus* out of his Den, è *Carvea sua*, into broad Day-light.

Non tulit Alcides animis, seque ipse per ignem
 Præcipiti injecit saltu, quâ plurimus undam
 Fumus agit, Nebulaque ingens specus æstuat atra.
 Hic cacum in Tenebris incendia vana vomentem
 Corripit in nodum complexus,

“ At

“ *Cromvellium* solem esse; cæteros Monar-
 “ chas ignavos, ipso *Saturno* cursus tardiores
 “ conficere, et Radios nocentiores in Terram
 “ vibrare. Si singulis Imperium in ipsum
 “ *Platonis* Annum prorogetur, Regem nemi-
 “ nem quicquam Beneficii Orbi Terrarum
 “ allaturum. Unum esse omnibus institutum
 “ subditos in Servitutem subjugare. Nullum
 “ Hostem præter Cives ultro laceffunt. Bella
 “ in externos inviti, et, quod adacti, fuscipiunt,
 “ suis Sponte inferunt, neque prius absistunt,
 “ quam ut victos et captivos tractare fas sit.
 “ Neque Bella Civibus modo, sed Diis immor-
 “ talibus indicere; esse omnes *Babylonicis* Po-
 “ culis inebriatos; pro *Antichristo* adversus
 “ Agnum militare; Meretrici Romanæ infer-
 “ vire. Opus Domini hoc Sæculo a Sanctis
 “ suis, sub *Cromvellii* ductu et Auspicio cœp-
 “ tum, non modo deferere sed impedire.

“ Verum restituto Rege Homo misellus in
 “ pristinam Inopiam rejectus, Municipio quo-
 “ dam, quo ipsius Pater *Presbyteriani* Minis-
 “ telli Officio functus est, et in perduellione

“ As to myself, I never had any, not the remotest Relation
 “ to public Matters, nor Correspondence with the Persons then
 “ predominant, *until the Year 1657, when indeed I entered into*
 “ AN EMPLOYMENT, FOR WHICH I WAS NOT ALTOGETHER
 “ IMPROPER—no truly, an excellent *Cromvellii Secretarius a*
 “ *Subsecretis*—and which I considered to be the most innocent
 “ and inoffensive toward his Majesties Affairs, of any in that
 “ usurped and irregular Government, to which all Men were
 “ then exposed.” Yes—but they were not obliged to enter into
 “ it’s Service, sweet Babe of Grace! *poor innocent and inoffensive*
 “ as it was.

“ egregie

“ egregie meruerat, se in Senatum deligi pro-
 “ curavit, quo Vitam sustineret. Mos enim
 “ antiquus fuerat, ut delectis in Senatum im-
 “ pensæ ab ipso Municipio, a quo legati, sol-
 “ verentur; quinis solidis indiem impensis.
 “ Hic Mos e longinquo antiquatus est, cum
 “ Homines generosi tam vile Stipendium quasi
 “ erogatam in Pauperes Eleemosynam spreve-
 “ rint. Hic tamen in Viçtum, Potumque
 “ exegit; quanquam in ista tam turpi pauper-
 “ tate nihilominus insolens et superbus. In
 “ Comitibus omnibus Regis Negotii Hostis; ut-
 “ pote e Conjuratis, qui Numero circiter sex-
 “ aginta e Perduellionis reliquiis, se Sacra-
 “ mento quodam ab initio devinxerant, Regis
 “ Rebus Negotium faceßere; imprimis se nun-
 “ quam Suffragium vectigali largiendo laturus.
 “ Quanquam nihil in confesso isti Homines
 “ valere, summo Contemptu et opprobrio
 “ excepti; adeo ut si nihil boni vellent consu-
 “ lere, mali nihil possent; iis enim vix un-
 “ quam loqui sine Sibilis permissum est; ne-
 “ que ipsi Poetæ nostro sine Verberibus. Qua
 “ Causa crebro vapulans tandem tacere didicit;
 “ Foris autem, cum id impune poterat, ma-
 “ jor Animi Malevolentia exarsit, et Libellos
 “ famosos Ore impuro indies in ipsum Regem
 “ eructavit.

“ Si quando illius Adjumento Sectariis Opus
 “ esset, ipse mox se e Cavea sua, an Gladiator,
 “ an Fera, perinde est, in Amphitheatrum
 “ conjecit. Quanquam nunquam acrius de-
 “ pugnavit

“ pugnabit Bustuarius quam juxta fui ipfius
 “ fepulchrum, Libro paulo ante Mortem con-
 “ fecto, cui Titulum fecit; *Commentaria de*
 “ *Incremento Papismi et Imperii Tyrannici*
 “ *in Anglia.*” —

But I am really afraid of offending your delicacy, otherwife would carry you on feveral Pages farther. Nay if it were not for Fear of petrifying a Genius to a Dunce, would introduce you to that *superficial, illiterate, ill-wrote* great Book (which of Courfe you know is *magnum Malum*) his *Disputationes de Deo*.^{*} And, to fhew you that the poor Bishop could expofe himfelf in *Engliſh* as well as *Latin*, would preſent you with his *Demonſtration of the Divine Authority of the Law of Nature and of the Chriſtian Religion*.

But as by this Time you muſt be pretty well cloyed with the *firſt* Courſe, I hope to revive your Appetite by ſerving up a *ſecond* more to your Liking, I mean ſome Flowers extracted from Mr. ANDREW MARVEL's *Rehearfal tranſpoſed*, of whom 'tis thus you ſing,

Pointed with Satyre's keenest Steel
 The Shafts of Wit he darts around.

* One ſenſible Inſtance of a *Divine Providence*, is the conſtant Direction of Things to the ſame *good Ends* which have no *Deſign* in themſelves. — But this Argument you may find handled more at large in a late excellent Treatiſe *de Deo*.

Dr. Scott's *Chriſtian Life*, Pag, 264,—267, Folio Edit.
 Turn to Note (d) below.

Now

Now then for the Shafts of Wit—but his Quiver is so full * that one can hardly tell where to fix. As however, amid this Variety, I know of none better than his Comment upon part of the Title-page † of his Lordship's *Tentamina Physico-Theologica* ‡; I shall at once make Choice of that. And should I be somewhat long in my Quotation from your *fav'rite Swain*! I know I need not make the same Apology I did before. Only I would desire my Friends to be prepared and hold both their Sides firm, for Fear they should burst.

“ As soon as I opened the Book at the Title, and saw the Author's Name, if you be the same Person, I met with *Typis A. M.* but we two not being then acquainted, surely you could not prophesie that I should be the Man that should print you in so legible

* *venenatis gravis Sagittis*
—— Pharetra.

Which I desire may be a Comment upon the Word *Mævi* in the Title-page; not presuming to charge our *Lyrick* with *Dulness*, unless perhaps I should live to see him *mitred*.

† A worthy Subject for *Satyre's keenest Steel*!

‡ Most of these perished in the Fire of London, which the Author was not sorry for, as the Book was a very juvenile Performance, and wrote when he was got among the barbarous crabbed Schoolmen, enough to *dull* him, he owns, but that was before he was *mitred*. Some Years after, when he had rubbed off the Rust contracted from these old Gentlemen, he published a quite new Book. *Argumentum de integro, ut ab aliis Negotiis vacare licuit, tractavi. Idque primum Oratione facili, quanquam non prorsus abjecta, persecutum me fuisse spero.*——

Preface to *Disputationes de Deo*.

B

“ a Character

“ a Character in a first, and now this second
 “ Edition. Next after that *Venales*; which I
 “ could not reconcile either in Gender or Num-
 “ ber, but concerning you and your Book,
 “ that henceforwards you were both alike
 “ venal; you indeed, as in an Auction, to be
 “ sold by Inch of Candle. Where? *apud Jo.*
 “ *Sherley*. Ay, there it was where you and
 “ your Book both lodged at one another’s Ex-
 “ pence. For whatever others are, you were
 “ then a mere *Shop Divine*, and did so nibble
 “ all his Library, and dirty them with your
 “ Thumbs, that the poor Man, had not one
 “ new Book left, but was fain to sell them
 “ all at second Hand. But where was his
 “ Shop? *ad Insigne Pelicani*. A very emble-
 “ matical Sign, where you digged and picked
 “ your very Heart-Blood and Brains out to
 “ nourish your young *Tentamina*. Where
 “ was this? in *parva Britannia*. You should
 “ have done well to have printed us the Map
 “ of it; for I find it not in your *Heylin*, who
 “ mislaid you *on the South Side of the Lake Le-*
 “ *man*. But wherever you live you will take
 “ a Course to make it *Little Britaine*. This
 “ is not all: *et apud Sam. Thompson*, to direct
 “ Men further; and you were to be had at as
 “ many Places as *Buckworth’s Lozenges*. In
 “ *Cæmeterio Divi Pauli*: Bury him out of
 “ the Way, ’tis no Matter: But *ad Insigne*
 “ *Capitis Episcopi*, at the Sign of the Bi-
 “ shop’s

“shop’s Head, there you are sure to be
“heard of.”

There is more of the same Sort upon the
Dedication to his Patron Archbishop SHEL-
DON, * which I leave you to feast upon at
your Leisure. And in the mean Time would
be glad to know whether this be not *Satyre’s*
keenest Steel? *Risum teneatis Amici*? Are not
these *the Shafts of Wit*? Is not this enough to
make — mitred Dulness learn to feel,

And shrink beneath the Wound?

Is not this now a merry *Andrew Marvel*?
Or, as a Punster (horrible Monster! to you
sublime Geniusses,) would say, a *marvellous*
Merry-Andrew? Is not this a Countryman for
Mr. Mason, Author of the *Monody, Elfrida,*
Odes to Independency, &c. but above all *Isis,*
an Elegy, to be proud of? I was in Hopes
you had sufficiently burnt your Fingers upon
that Occasion, to make you careful how you
flandered not only publick Bodies, but even
Individuals; † Especially as I have been
told you would gladly have since suppressed
that Poem; nay plead, if I mistake not, that
it was utterly against your Intention and
Inclination, that it ever appeared in Print.

* Of whom he gives so glorious a Character in his *Commen-
taries*, and tells us he had a Design of Writing his Life, could
he have got the Use of his *Grace’s* Papers.

† Curst be the Verse, how sweet foe’er it flow’
That tends to make *one* worthy Man my Foe.

But why then did you so far indulge your Spleen as to write it at all? Remember the Advice of the Wiseman,—*Curse not the King, no, not in thy Thought; curse not the Rich in thy Bed-Chamber: For a Bird of the Air shall carry the Voice, and that which hath Wings shall tell the Matter.* I am confident it must have been no small Consolation to his Lordship, were he now living, to be aspersed by that Pen which has spit its Venom upon the University of which he was himself a Member. Had you confined yourself to his Lordship's high Notions of the *Prerogative*, which, if we consider the Inundation of Joy that overspread the whole Nation * *when the Lord turned again the Capti-*

* Cum CAROLUS SECUNDUS ad avita Regna, summa fere omnium Civium et Subditorum Lætitia exceptus, rediisset; aurea et plusquam Saturnia Secula speravimus; jamque Regis Imperium in omne ævum stabilitum, Ecclesiæ Pacem perennem, restitutam summam Reip. Tranquillitatem, nostra Saltem et Nepotum Ætate duraturam, quisque sibi suisque pollicetur. *Quispe omnes Regni Ordines DE REGIA MAJESTATE AMPLIANDA inter se certare;*—As he begins his *Commentaries*. To which we may venture to add that under so gracious, good-natured, and sensible a Monarch, the Nation (its being a *Precedent* only excepted) could hardly be thought in Danger. Never perhaps did a finer Gentleman, a more discerning Prince fill the Throne. One Proof of this, and generally allowed, is the Choice he made, notwithstanding his airy gay Disposition, of Bishops. No *mitred Dulness* here, whatever you would charge upon the next Reign: No illiterate heretical Thieves and Robbers climbing over into the Sheepfold: No Preferments made the Reward of Electioneering, Carowling and Bumperrising upon special Occasions.—A Spirit of Levity, Debauchery, and Profaneness indeed prevailed, and so it has at other Times, for which no Apology can be made. The only Shadow of one to be offered is the Inundation of Joy before-mentioned, and the monstrous Hypocrisy, Knavery and infernal Villany, that had so long wore the Cloke of Religion.

vity of Sion, is the less to be wondered at; the whole Nation, I say, except those Wretches whose Champion you so highly extol: Had you censured the perhaps over-great Zeal with which he attacks those from whom he tells his Friend Dr. *Bathurst* he had happily broke loose; and it must be owned he hardly ever spares them in any of his Writings—*hinc illæ Lacrymæ!* * It is easy to guess how such Treatment from one they looked upon as a Deserter and Renegade from *the good old Cause* must go down with them: How dearly Lord STRAFFORD payed for it we all know. Had you touched upon these and some other Particulars, it had not been so much Matter of Surprise; but to charge a Prelate of such confessedly admirable Parts, (with which he launched into the Depths of every Branch of Learning, *drank deep of the Pierian Spring*) with Dulness, is as ill-grounded an Accusation as you could have made Choice of, for the Truth of which I dare appeal to all unprejudiced Judges.

Your Brother-Poet *Rocheſter*, who was as unlikely as Mr. *Mason* to give Quarter to Dulness, is contented to call him *pert Bayes*.

* Suppose one had thought fit to pass over from one Persuasion of the Christian Religion unto another, he would not chuse to *ſſ it thrice* at every Article he relinquished, to curse solemnly his Father and Mother for having educated him in those Opinions, to animate his new Acquaintances to the massacring of his former Camarades. These are Buſineſſes that can be expected from a RENEGADE of Argiers or Tunis; to overdo in Expiation, and gain better Credence of being a sincere Muſulman.

Rehearsal Transposed.

That

That Prodigy of Learning, and, let me add, Piety, Mr. *Dodwell*, in a Letter to Mr. *Parker* prefixed to his Translation * of *Tully de Finibus*, expresses himself thus; “ If what I
“ have done may answer your Design, I shall
“ be heartily glad of it. Not only as it gives
“ me an Opportunity of signifying my *Respect*
“ to the Memory of your great *Father*, but as
“ it may any Way *encourage* the many gene-
“ rous *Designs* of your *early Years*.”—

Dean SWIFT, indeed in his *Apology* for

* Here I cannot help remarking, that one Mr. *Parker*, Son of the Bishop of Oxford of that Name, may possibly do as much Service, and be as well known to Posterity, by his *Bibliotheca Biblica*, and *Abridgement of the Ecclesiastical Historians*, as if he had wrote an *History of England*, and published such a Number of *Translations*. A very useful Employment no doubt, and by all Means to be encouraged; but what Occasion there could be for a *Translation* of TULLY's *Offices* after Dr. COCKMAN's I must be so presumptuous as not to conceive: This seems to be a Work of *Super-erogation*. The *Bibl. Bibl.* was intended to have taken in all the Books of the Old and New *Testament*, had God been pleased to have granted the Author Health and Life.—As to the *Translation*, which Mr. GUTHRIE handles so roughly, I can say nothing; having never looked into either of these Gentlemen's Performances. It may be as he represents, (as Mr. *Parker* was but young when he did it) but then he might have let it alone, it would never have bit him by the Nose. I shall subjoin however what Mr. COLLIER, (to whom he dedicates his *Six Philosophical Essays*) perhaps over partial to his Friend, closes the Preface with: “ As for the *Translation*, I have had the
“ Satisfaction to compare it with the *Original*; and am of Opin-
“ ion the *Criticks* will find the *Author's Sense* well represented,
“ which in so nice and uncommon a Subject is no easy Per-
“ formance: Besides the Phrazeology is *English*, and the Turn
“ lively and agreeable: and in some Places I shall venture to
“ say, *Tully* is improved by transplanting, and thrives better in
“ our Soil than in his own.”

the

the Tale of a Tub *, observes that we still read MARVEL's *Answer to PARKER with Pleasure*, though the Book it answers be sunk long ago.

But what follows? why—so the Earl of ORRERY's *Remarks* will be read with Delight, when the *Dissertation* he exposes will neither be sought nor found:—Uter concessio. The Doctor it seems, the greatest Scholar and Critick of the Age, and an Honour to this Nation, is guilty of a Piece of Incivility and want of Complaisance (as great Scholars it must be owned are sometimes apt to be, *Verum ubi plura nitent*—you know): this is resented, and justly enough, in the Preface to PHALARIS *his Epistles*, upon which out comes a *Dissertation* maintaining them to be *spurious*: to combat this, the Hon. Mr. Boyle (as he was then) is furnished (according to *the Battle of the Books*, though my Lord ORRERY won't admit it) with a *Suit of Armour* given him by all the Gods, and now the poor Doctor is be-

* And surely, with all its Profusion of Wit and Humour, many Parts of *this*, as well as his *other* Writings; and I may add, *Behaviour* too, sufficiently needed an *Apology*: notwithstanding his

Good SHARPE the Tool of others Hate.

No one more frequently let his Vein for Drollery and Ridicule get the better of Decency—No one ever more strongly exemplified that Truth,

Great Wit to Madness sure is near allied,
And ———

(as it follows by the Figure called *Tautology*, I forget whether the Treatise Περὶ Βάδεσ takes Notice of it or not)

— thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

roasted

roasted and pelted by all the Wits and Witlings throughout the Kingdom; every one, to use the *Laureat's* Expression, *must have a Lick at him*. Upon which Occasion, without entering into the Merits of the Cause, how far *Culprit* might deserve the Lash, I cannot keep out of my Head that Simile of HOMER,

As the slow Beast with heavy Strength endu'd
In some wide Field by Troops of Boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his Sides a wooden Tempest rain,
Crops the tall Harvest, and lays waste the Plain;
Thick on his Hide the hollow Blows resound,
The patient Animal maintains his Ground,
Scarce from the Field with all their Effortschas'd,
And stirs but slowly, when he stirs at last.

Who, without a secret Indignation, can see PHILE-LEUTHERUS LIPSIENSIS transformed into the ARISTARCHUS of a *Dunciad*? But PICTORIBUS *atque* POETIS, you know, *quidlibet audendi Potestas*, notwithstanding your Brother LYRICK's *incredulus odi*. See the Force of *Ridicule*! what a Test it is of Truth! and what it is to get the Laugh on ones Side. You will call me perhaps a *dull* matter-of-fact Fellow, but, for my Part, I cannot help looking upon some of these *great Wits* as the Pests of Society, who,

Like Cato give their little Senate Laws,
And sit attentive to their own Applause.

Every

Every Member of which *little Senate*, as soon as he leaves the Room, becomes the Subject of their Ridicule and Mimickry, as does all the World except their own great selves. Let them laugh where they *must* in welcome, but yet remember how very apt they are to misapply the noble Talent they are blessed with. Let them make our great Satyrist their Pattern when he says, as before quoted,

Curst be the Verse, &c.

And

O sacred Weapon! left for Truth's Defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed Hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! —

But it is Time to have done rambling, and to return to the good Company we lately parted from. This then of Mr. BOYLE and Dr. BENTLEY, if I may presume to link that honourable Gentleman and fine Scholar (and who of that noble Family have not been such?) with your Friend ANDREW, seems to me a pretty fair Parallel to the Cause I am retained for: So far at least as it may serve to shew how easily *wicked* Wit can at all Times get the better of the deepest Learning and soundest Criticism. Not that your Countryman ANDREW'S *Whoop Bayes!* and *Holla Bayes!* is to be ranked

C

with

with that *exquisite Satyre*, which was *worthy* of *all the Gods* if it was not produced by them. Whereas the other is *worthy* of all the —— I won't say what.

You will ask perhaps, what's all this Pother about? Who denies but the Bishop (as well as Dr. *Bentley*) wrote several good Things, tho' in what passed between him and my Friend MARVEL, * (which is all I am concerned with) he was excessive dull—In the first Place then, I hope the Charge is founded upon your own Knowledge, and not upon bare Hear-say.—And in the next, (allowing the Truth of it for Argument-fake only,) I will venture to say, and that without pretending to any great Skill in these Matters, and so said JUVENAL before me, that TULLY, for all what your late *Proto-Bib.* † says, was a

* Which by the Bye was long enough before he was preferred to the Bishoprick, so that it was not *mitred Dulness* at that Time however.

† “ We have no Remains of his Poetry, except some *Fragments* occasionally interspersed through his other Writings; yet these, as I have before observed, are sufficient to convince us that his *Poetical Genius*, if it had been cultivated with the same Care, would not have been inferiour to his *Oratorial*.”

Middleton's Life of Tully.

Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, Cantor tamen, atque
Optimus est Modulator; ut Alfenus vaser, omni
Abjecto Instrumento Artis, Clausaque Taberna
Sutor erat. — — —

Your *Proto* makes his *Tully* a very passive Genius surely.

“ When Tully attempted Poetry, he became as ridiculous as Bolingbroke when he attempted Philosophy and Divinity;—”

Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope.

wretched

wretched Poet. And though I won't, with the Mob in *Julius Cæsar*, cry, "Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses" yet I think he almost deserved to be disciplined like Friend ANDREW's *Tom Triplett*, if not for writing, yet however for making them publick. But what then? shall I, upon the Strength of this, without any Ceremony, confer the Title of *Dull* upon him? This is not my good Mother Oxford's Logick, tho' it should happen to be yours.

Much the same will be of great Service to MILTON and his Fraternity—Some, we will say, very considerable Stretches of Power are exerted—The King therefore commences a Tyrant, and the blackest Murther (one only excepted) that was ever perpetrated is deemed meritorious! Nor does the great *Orator* with more Joy see the *perpetual Dictator* fall in the Senate-house, than our great *Poet* beholds, in imagination, his Sovereign lose his Head upon Scaffold.

— — — — — O! Fact
Unparallell'd, O CHARLES, O best of Kings,
What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
On thy Nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this thy Realm,
Supreme, and innocent, adjudg'd to Death
By those, thy Mercy only would have sav'd!

What

What follows I shall extract from one of Mr. PARKER's *Essays*, which, as it is I believe but in few Hands, and quite à mon Propos, I dare say you will indulge me in—It is very properly entituled PARENTALIA.

“ You expect perhaps I should upon this
 “ Occasion attempt the Character of your
 “ Friend deceased; but I am in all Respects
 “ unqualified for that Province. For, not to
 “ mention my personal Incapacity, I lie under
 “ Obligations, as on one Hand, of omitting
 “ Miscarriages and Faults, so on t’other
 “ of declining even just Encomiums. To
 “ discover and expose the Frailties of Parents
 “ is undutiful; to do Justice to their Merits
 “ might seem immodest. Only, thus much
 “ I may say, and certainly without Offence,
 “ that put the worst Construction upon Matters,
 “ had not the World in the particular
 “ Case of your Friend, inverted its own
 “ Measures of Estimation and Censure, it
 “ would at least have excused some few Failures
 “ in Consideration of many recommending
 “ Qualities; while in the Case of some
 “ Others, whom it admired with a most zealous
 “ Partiality, it suffered itself to dote upon
 “ on a great many bad Qualities; for the
 “ sake of a few pretty good ones *misemployed*.
 “ How singularly ambitious the Party I am
 “ concerned for shewed himself to serve the
 “ publick, with what Pleasure he settled to
 “ those Studys, by which he might most be-
 “ nefit

“ nest the Church and State, whereof he
 “ was a Member, and with how constant an
 “ Application he pursued them in Despight
 “ of perpetual * Discouragements, and the
 “ witty Malice of very formidable Factions,
 “ I need not intimate. All his Friends knew
 “ it well enough ; his Enemies *too well*. And
 “ if it was his Infelicity (for nobody I
 “ presume will make it his Fault) to have
 “ had his tender Years seasoned with un-
 “ toward Principles, yet that he so readily
 “ became sensible of those Errours to which
 “ he had been prejudiced from his Cradle, ¶
 “ was not, I think, more his Happiness and
 “ Glory, than an Evidence of his Sincerity.
 “ And I have wondered some Gentlemen
 “ should call his relinquishing those Tenets,
 “ which themselves had *pretended* to oppose,
 “ and his espousing that Cause, for which
 “ themselves had declared, an Argument of
 “ Disingenuity and Levity. Strange! that
 “ Men of Understanding should not distin-
 “ guish their best Friends from their worst
 “ Enemies, but discharge their whole Artil-
 “ lery upon *Detachments of their own!* for
 “ as for the plebeian Rout, if some of his
 “ Adversaries had valued themselves no more
 “ upon their Acclamations than he disturbed
 “ himself for their Misrepresentations, they
 “ had really been just as humble as they ought

* One would think, as the Author of the *Divine Legation of Moses* says, he had published the *Divine Legation of Mahomet*.

“ to have been. He knew he might as well
 “ have blamed *Phalaris's Bull* * as the Mob,
 “ for *Bellowing*. Experience had taught him
 “ that Noise, Ignorance, and Calumny are
 “ among their *Essentials*, and Humanity and
 “ Prudence, things absolutely repugnant to
 “ their natural Constitutions——But I forget
 “ myself.

“ 'Tis incumbent upon the next of Blood
 “ to erect a Monument in Memory of the
 “ Defunct. I wish I could discharge this
 “ Duty in every Sense. But though 'tis out
 “ of my Power to raise your Friend a Monu-
 “ ment, it's not utterly out of my Power to
 “ do some kind Offices to his Memory.—†

Most of what follows is in answer to cer-
 tain Articles against *Religion and Loyalty* by
 the Author of *Origines Britannicæ*, and very
 little I apprehend to our Purpose; so that I
 shall pass on to the Conclusion of the Essay.

“ Having proceeded thus far in Vindi-
 “ cation of your Friend, I shall now release
 “ you, and absolutely refuse engaging in Un-
 “ der-work with *Magpies* and *Starlings*, for I
 “ could not excuse it to you, nor to myself

* In which, (if I may use the Regal Style) our good Friend
 and Ally Dr. *Beneley* was so terribly mauled.

† Quinimò me tandem in certamen plane arsisse fateor, cum
 Causam Veritatis defendi non posse perspexerim quin desidera-
 tissimi Parentis Memoriam Manesque simul vindicarem, quos
 non vindicasse Adolescentis ignavi degenerisque sit.

Ejusdem *Epistola* ad D. ANTONIUM LE GRAND

“ should

“ should I look into the little Malice, Lam-
 “ poons and Gimcracks, of an hundred Pun-
 “ sters, Epigrammatists, * Barber’s Prentices,
 “ old Women, and *Antony Wood* † at the
 “ Head of them brandishing his *Anonimous*
 “ *Third Collection of Papers*, and the Testi-
 “ monies of his *Xaverian Vouchers*, for it
 “ seems the Man was a Stranger to the *Pha-*
 “ *natico-Papistical* Stratagem of representing
 “ as Profelytes the profest Enemies of *that*
 “ *Cause*. ‡ The Conjectures and Boasts of a
 “ Jesuite, or perhaps, of a *Collectour perso-*
 “ *nating a Jesuite* passed with him for so
 “ good Evidence, that he thought it needless
 “ to get Information from those Persons whom

* He has left me to insert *Ode-Writers*.

† This old Chronicler was notorious for loving a Bit of Scandal; witness, to produce only one Instance, his impudent Aspersions upon no less a Man than the *Lord High Chancellor CLARENDON*: which Leaf of his Book was publickly burnt, and the Defamer as publickly stigmatised in our University.

‡ This puts me in Mind of those who would needs have it that Archbishop Laud was a Papist, though even *Andrew* allows, that “ if for nothing else, yet for his learned Book against *Fisher*, * he deserved far another Fate than he met with, and “ ought not now to be mentioned without due Honour.” And then very composedly proceeds to blacken and calumniate him: “ When the very Men that murdered him have left such an “ irrefragable Testimony of his Innocence and Integrity, in “ that though they had the Confidence to overwhelm him with “ Accusations, yet they had not the Confidence to withstand “ his Defence.” &c.

Reproof to Rehearsal Transposed.

* The Bishop of Oxford too addressed a learned Dissuasive from Popery to the Duke of York, which might have freed him from any suspicion on that Head.

“ a much

“ a much better Character might have recom-
 “ mended, and daily Opportunities of know-
 “ ing and observing qualify’d more especially
 “ for *Witnesses*, and who still remain ready
 “ by the most solemn Attestations to confront
 “ a Thousand of his *Nameless Rhapsodists* and
 “ *Dreaming Loyolites* of *Leige*.

“ But I do not wonder at his Credulity
 “ when I recollect how much he has run him-
 “ self in Debt for Materials to *Marvel*, the
 “ *Merry Andrew* of their Party, a Fellow that
 “ would not profess himself a Fanatick for
 “ Fear of disgracing the Name, so very de-
 “ fective in Sense as to mistake his own Quar-
 “ ter-Quibbles, Calumnies and Ribaldry, for
 “ sound Reason and Argument; and at the
 “ same Time so fraught with Impudence,
 “ as even to impose ’em upon the World
 “ for such.”

I shall only add, by Way of Conclusion, that
 it was my Intention to prepare somewhat of an
 Antidote to the Poison wrapt up in your gilded
 Pill. But *All that glisters is not Gold*, you
 know. Whether I have succeeded, whether I
 have contributed any Thing towards vindic-
 ating a much injured Character, let the can-
 did Reader determine, and accept of this
 from his humble Servant,

OXONIENSIS.

DEPOSITUM

DEPOSITUM

SAMUELIS PARKER,

Nuper Episcopi Oxoniensis.

Qui hoc Elogio posteris commendari voluit.

Simultates, et privatas Inimicitias

Non modo non fovi,

Sed contempsi.

Sola Integritate fretus,

Nec vivere

Erubesco ;

Nec mori reformido.

Divinam Providentiam

Non minus credo, quam opto.

Hanc Vitam, utcunque sustineo,

Meliores expecto ;

Fide non infelix,

Spe felicior.

Multa legi, cogitavi, scripsi,

Omnia ab ipsis Rei cujusque Principiis exorsus ;

Nec tamen u'la scire videor melius

Quam quæ per Fidem accepi.

I find the above-written placed in the Front
of the Bishop's Discourse sent to the Duke of
York, to persuade him to embrace the Protestant

D

Religion

Religion; which Discourse, as I have been informed, his Royal Highness was pleased to approve of beyond every Thing addressed to him upon that Subject. Who was the Author of this *Elogium* I cannot tell; it has been thought, I know, by a very good judge, hardly worthy his Lordship's own Pen. To the said Discourse are prefixed two Letters, which I shall here insert.

Sir Leolyn Jenkins his Letter.

This Discourse (or what else you please to call it) was brought me by the *Canterbury* Carrier; your Royal Highness will see in the loose Leaf joined to this, how it comes to be addressed to my Hands. The Author I have known long since, he was Chaplain to my late Lord Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, his Name is Dr. *Samuel Parker*, (at present) Arch-Deacon of *Canterbury*; as I have not had any Communication with him of any kind, these many Years, so the coming of this Treatise to my Hands is a perfect Surprise; yet seeing the Subject Matter of it is that which we pray and contend for, I durst not but commit it to this present Conveyance, beseeching Almighty God to give a Blessing upon it.

For Sir Leolyn Jenkins.

S I R,

Having been lately confined with a great Indisposition of Health, and not knowing how
the

the Divine Providence might be pleased to dispose of me, after I had settled my own private Affairs as well as I could, an extravagant Thought thrust itself vehemently upon me to leave a Legacy for his Royal Highness, which in those better Intervals I enjoyed, I composed, and out of that eager Zeal I have for the true Settlement of the Church of England, cannot forbear to present it. And in order to it, make bold to convey it to your Honor, and if your Curiosity will support your Patience to peruse it, I submit it entirely to your Wisdom to dispose of it as you please. And though I have no Reason to expect any Success from so weak an Endeavour, yet the very Decency of the Design in a Priest of the Church of England will at least warrant itself; for *I have only addrest myself to his Royal Highness's Conscience without any Regard to his worldly Interest*; and that is a Thing that any Churchman that has any sincere Love for his Religion is not only authorised, but obliged to do, and as for the Event of such unlikely attempts, they are to be left to the overruling Providence of God. However I request the Favour of your Perusal, and if you judge not the Design utterly ridiculous, to convey it to his Highness. If you are tempted to smile at my Folly, I beseech you to impute it to my present Weakness, and when I am in a better Condition of Health, for which I thank God I am now in a very fair Way, perhaps I shall be as forward as any to

D 2

laugh

laugh at the Oddness of the Attempt. But whatever it is, I am sure it has the Warrant of a good Meaning.

From,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

S. PARKER.

Pag. 6, at the End of the Note subjoin—And in the same mollifying Strain does he speak of his Associate MILTON, “ It was his Misfortune, (it seems!) living in a tumultuous Time, “ *to be toss’d on the wrong Side,* (one would think they had *toss’d* up which *Side* they should take, though it were well if they had been as *innocent and innoxious* as that) “ and he writ Flagrant *“ Bello certain dangerous Treatises.”* O! my Soul, come not thou into their Secret; unto their Assembly mine Honour be not thou united.

Pag. 8. instead of Note (d) below, read, Note (†) Pag. 9.

Pag. 21. L. 13. ¶ “ I will not be so troublesome as to remind “ you of the Retaille of your Obligations, yet there is one, “ whose peculiar Matchlessnes obliges me to as peculiar an “ Acknowledgment. For to your prevailing Advice (Sir) do “ I owe my first Rescue from the Chains and Fetters of an un- “ happy Education, than which ’twas impossible either for you “ to have conferred, or for me to have received a greater Be- “ nefit, there being no Perfection to be valued at so high a Rate “ as a true Freedom and Ingenuity of Mind:”—Says the Bishop himself to Dr. BATURST, in the Epistle Dedicatory of his *Free and impartial Censure of the Platonick Philosophie.*

